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"First Pure then Peaceable—without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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Original.

Self-Denial.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

One beautiful morning in the month of June, two little girls were seated in front of a cottage that was nearly covered with vines.

Katy, the eldest, was not more than twelve years old; and you would not have supposed her to be as old as her companion, who was only ten; but Katy was evidently an invalid, for her face was pale, and her hands were thin; while Louisa, or Louie, as she was more familiarly called by her play-mates, was quite tall, and very healthy. Both of the children seemed very happy in their pleasant seat beneath the vines, and now and then little robins would alight very near them to pick up the crumbs which the little girls scattered about.

Katy was a little girl who had suffered from a long continued illness, and her kind parents had placed her under the care of Mrs. Burton, the mother of Louie, with a hope that her health would be restored by the change of air and a residence in the country during the summer; and truly it was a pleasant place. The cottage stood on a gentle slope of a hill, at some distance from the road, and the fine old trees, with the beautiful flowers rendered it a very desirable home for an invalid, who had always lived in a large city.

"Now Katy, I wish you would tell me what to do with the money uncle gave me? you know he said I could spend it for any thing I pleased," and Louie knelt down beside her friend and looked up into her face, as if something very important was to be decided.

"Well," said Katy, "you have not told me what you wish to do with it yourself; and I think I ought to know your wishes before I tell you what I think about it."

"Oh! I do not know what to do with it. But Katy, ever since you came here, I have felt differently about spending my money to what I used to, I think," Louie added in a low voice, "I feel now more as mother would like me to, than I ever did, for she used to talk to me about it; only I never saw any little girl practice self-denial before, now tell me do you think I can do any good with it?"

"Yes indeed," answered Katy, "I think you can do some good with it, if you really wish to."

"But it seems so little to do good with."

"Oh! Louie, you forget the widow's two mites, though it was in our lesson last Sunday, and Miss Gardner told us it ought to encourage children, as well as grown persons to do all they can, no matter how small our means."

"O yes, and Katy, Miss Gardner said too, that we should be doing good, if we tried to get more scholars to come to the school," said Louie, her eyes sparkling with delight.

"Well," said her friend, do you remember the little boy who came yesterday to sell the strawberries?" Louie nodded assent. "Your mother asked him, while he was measuring them out, if he went to school? and the tears came into his eyes, as he answered, 'No ma'm, I have to work to help my mother. But I hope soon that I can go to the Sunday school.' And Louie, as he turned away, I heard him say, 'just as soon as I can get some shoes.' I have thought of him many times since, and I do wish we knew where he lives so that we could go to see his mother."

"O, Katy, I saw him the day I went to Aunt Mary's, he came out of that old house, up by the mill; yes, and now I remember I heard him say, 'I will not stay very long, mother, for I know where the berries are plenty.' And off he ran down by the stream to the meadow, where the vines are so thick, and uncle said the children might pick as many as they wanted, as they have enough nearer the farm house."

"I wish," said Katy, "when we go to walk your mother would go up that way."

"Then I'll go this minute and ask her," and Louie jumped up, and ran into the house. "O, mother," she cried, when she reached the sitting room where Mrs. Burton was busy sewing, "when we go to walk, can we go up by the mill, and across the stream to that old house where the poor little boy lives, who sold the berries here yesterday? And Katy heard him say that he wanted to go to the Sunday school, and we want to do some good, and Katy thinks it is because of his old clothes that he can't go." And Louie, in her eagerness, threw her arms around her mother, and talked so fast that her kind mother could not understand the little girl's wishes. Mr. B. smiled, and said, "softly, my daughter, talk a little slower, and do not be in a hurry. Do I understand that you wish to find out if the poor family are in need, and with the sincere wish to assist them?" And the mother fondly smoothed the little girl's hair, and pressed her to her heart.

"Yes, mother, uncle gave me a new silver dollar, yesterday, and I want to do some good with it, and Miss Gardner wants us all to try to get more scholars to come to Sunday school. I was asking Katy what would be the best way, and she thought if the poor boy needed some clothes, we might help him. I think my dollar will do something, don't you mother?"

"Yes, my darling, and as I wish to see your Aunt Mary, I think, if Katy feels strong enough to walk so far, we will go this afternoon. Now, go my dear and studdy your lesson, that nothing will detain you from your walk."

The morning passed quickly away, and in the afternoon the little party set out on their walk. Mrs. B., first putting a few little articles into a neat little basket, which she carried on her arm.

Louie bounded forward, happy and gay as a lark, but kindly stopped in a few minutes to gather some sweet wild flowers, which she gave to Katy, whom Mrs. B. held by the hand, and gently helped along by the narrow path.

They crossed the creek on the great stepping stones, then after going a little higher up, sat down to rest in a lovely spot where the water dashed over the rocks in a beautiful cascade, and the sweet birds sang loud and clear in the tall trees above them.

After resting awhile, and talking about the kindness of "Our Heavenly Father," in making the world so beautiful, and the kind lady taking the occasion to awaken a love for the beauties of Nature in the minds of the children, they proceeded on their way, and at length reached the old house. There they found the same little boy, busy at work, training beans over the sticks, and tying up some plants. He looked up on seeing the party stop, and opening the gate, he held it for them to pass into the neat little garden.

"Is your mother at home?" inquired Mrs. Burton.

"Yes ma'm, will you please walk in?" and the boy led the way to the house.

Upon entering, they found a large room; it was clean and neat, but with little to add to the comfort and convenience of the family. A table, white as hands could make it; a bed in one corner, and three rush-bottomed chairs, with a few dishes on a shelf, constituted the entire furniture of the room.

The little boy's mother was sewing, and near her bolstered up in an easy chair, was a little lame girl, apparently asleep, but who started on hearing them enter. Mrs. Burton found the poor woman was like herself, a widow, but very poor; her husband having died two years before, leaving the little lame girl and our little friend, to take care of, but leaving no means to support them, but what her own willing hands and kind heart could supply.

The old house was one that had long been empty, and the widow rented it for a small sum; her lame child, however, required much care, and thus but little time was left for her to earn enough to procure food.

Little James was often employed by the different families in the neighborhood to run on errands and chop wood, and then as the berries ripened he picked and sold them in the village, and thus helped his mother a great deal. Every leisure moment was spent in the garden, and when too dark to see he tried to read a little, but his poor mother could not teach him much, only trying to instil the simple truths of religion that had been taught her when young, but she could scarcely read herself, and so it was no wonder little James wanted to go to Sunday school.

Mrs. B. asked if James needed any clothes to go to school in, and the widow frankly told her, that her son wanted to save enough to get some shoes, a jacket, and a decent cap. "I could make them," she added, "if I only had the materials."

The kind lady found also that the lame child had not received the attentions of a doctor, as the mother could not afford to employ one.

After promising to come soon again, and leaving the contents of the basket, Mrs. B. and the children took leave and went forward to Aunt Mary's. It was the first time that Katy had walked there, as kind uncle John had taken her in his nice wagon, and that was by a different road. Aunty and uncle were pleased to see them, and poor tired Katy rested upon the sofa, and drank some new milk. They insisted on keeping her all night, and sending her back in the wagon the next day, so Mrs. B. consented. Louie, in the mean time, went out to see the ducks and chickens. After tea Louie and her mother went home by the short road, as Louie called it, and Katy went to bed in a nice little room adjoining Aunt Mary's.

Katy enjoyed her visit much, and after breakfast went back to Mrs. Burton's with the kind old gentleman. On the way he told her many pleasing anecdotes and amused her much. And Katy told him that Louie and herself wished to go to the village to get something at the store; so he kindly told her he would stop at the house and take them there. Louie was delighted with the prospect of a ride, and putting the precious dollar into her pocket, she ran out to her uncle, while Katy, who went to call her went to her room, and taking her little purse, put it into her little basket, hastened to join them. Katy had never been so far into the village as the store, as the church which they attended was not far from Mrs. Burton's house. On arriving at the store, Katy was surprised to find it contained such a variety of goods. The children soon selected a piece of cloth to make a jacket, which Louie paid for, and then Katy purchased a good strong pair of boys' shoes, prudently stipulating that if they did not fit, they should be exchanged.

"And for whom are you making these purchases?" asked uncle John, in a low voice to the girls.

"Oh," answered Louie, "for a nice poor little boy who wants to go to Sunday school."

"Is there any other article he wants?" he inquired.

"Oh, a cap! his mother said he was saving his money to get one," said Katy. So kind uncle John bought a good cap for the boy, and and soon the party were on the way back.

"Now tell me," said uncle, "if this is what you took such a long walk for yesterday?"

"Yes, sir, and now we shall want you to go again and carry them."

Uncle John said no more, but an arriving at Mrs. Burton's, asked permission to take the children home with him, so that they could leave the package at the poor widow's. He promised to bring the little girl home at night, and Louie's mother said yes, as she was sure the ride would do Katy good.

We shall not attempt to describe the joy of the widow or her son, at sight of the articles the little girl brought. And when the kind uncle left he told the widow to send James to his house every day for milk, and other things for her sick child.

We must not stop to speak of all the pleasure the little girls had that day, but look forward a little.

Bright and early the next Sunday morning the little girls entered the Sunday school room, and looked eagerly round for James, presently they saw him sitting on a bench near the door, looking very neat in his new jacket, and his mother had evidently taken pains to brush up his other garments. He sat very still, but when he saw the children he looked very glad. Just then, Miss Gardner entered, and Katy and Louie told her this was a new scholar that they had found for the school.

Miss Gardner asked him a few kind questions, and told him to sit with the little girls in her class until the superintendent came in, which he did soon after.

James was then put into a class with four boys of his own age, and when school closed his teacher asked him to go into the church with him. Poor James had often crept in and sat down in the entry, but had never dared to go fairly into the church. His father used sometimes to take him, but previous to his death, he was sick a long time, and thus the poor child knew but little of public worship, for his mother's time was all devoted to the lame sister.

It was astonishing to see the progress the boy made when once he became conscious that it was his duty to go to Sunday school and to church. And the teacher too, became much attached to him, calling often on them, and as he was a physician, he was soon enabled to relieve the poor lame child of much of her sufferings.

But the summer was now over, and Katy quite restored to health, had returned to her mother and father, while they thankfully offered praises for her renewed health.

We will pass over some years. Katy, who had grown up a tall healthy young lady, was on the eve of her marriage, when she was asked where she would like to go on her wedding tour. She had never been to see her old friends so far in the country since the summer spent with Louie and her mother, though she had seen them at her own house. She at once decided to go and visit the place, of which she retained so many tender recollections, and accordingly, instead of going to any fashionable place, Katy and her husband visited the old country town. The dear little vine-covered cottage had given place to a fine house, for Mrs. Burton's two sons had come from the city where they had lived some years, to settle down with their mother. Louie too, was a young lady, and many things were changed to Katy; but all the love and kindness of former times were there, and now they must go and see uncle John and his wife. Katy found no trouble in walking up the stream, now crossing the stepping stones, and again resting under the trees and watched the water dance over the rocks.

She looks for the old house, but it is gone, in its place is a pretty cottage, and such a beautiful garden. They enter, and James' mother comes to meet them, while her lame daughter, now a fine girl, though lame, can walk, also bids them welcome. "Oh, Miss Katy, cried the happy mother, I always tell Miss Louisa that it is all from your kindness in getting James to go to school, that I am so happy now."

"But where is James?" inquired Katy.

"O, did you not know he is studying to be a minister? Your kind uncle, as you used to call him, is the one who has helped him, but he says he should not have thought of it if he had not taken you to the store that day."

Katy's heart was full, and her happy husband pressed her hand in token of his pleasure at what he had heard.

Uncle John and Aunt Mary were delighted to see the "dear child," as they called her, again, and after a week, spent very happily among her old friends, Katy went home to enter upon her new duties, cheered by the knowledge that "Our Father" blesses every effort, however humble, that we can make to do good.

And she did not stop here, but aided by her good husband, she tried to let no opportunity pass by to do good, and many efforts were blessed, but among them all, the knowledge that a good faithful minister in her Master's service was first helped by her, afforded her the truest joy, while she humbly blessed God for allowing her to be such an instrument of good.

AUNT CADDY.

EDITORS PACIFIC: In offering the enclosed "Hymn" to you for publication in the *Pacific*—should you deem it worthy of a place in your columns—I would accompany it with a word of explanation as to its origin. I had for some considerable time previous to its composition, been in great anguish of mind in regard to my condition before God. In view of the sad wreck I had made of my hopes as a Christian man, the ruin I was surrounded by, in consequence of sin—open and long indulged sin—the beclouded atmosphere in which I lived, and the hiding, as it were, of God's face from me, together with the utter hopelessness I felt at times, and the impossibility of replacing myself right before God and man in all things, I could compare myself to none other than "Esau." "I could find no place for repentance, though I sought it carefully with tears." I was almost in despair, and ready, yes, anxious, rather, to die, and throw the burden of life aside as unbearable. But God who is rich in mercy toward us, not willing that any should perish, cast upon my dark mind a ray of blissful light, and bid me again trust in Him, through the atonement of Jesus Christ, and therefore have I been enabled to sing the last verse.

As a piece of poetry, if it has merit, it is in the subject not in the style.

Truly yours.

The Forfeited Inheritance Regained.

I.

Esau, far a single meal, to his brother Jacob sold
All his heritage of weal, richer far than gems or gold;
For a single mess of pottage, gave his birthright fair away,
Careless of the priceless blessing, hopeless of the promised day.

II.

Knew he not his birthright's value, long foretold in age past?
Coming through the line of Abraham (and on him the first born cast,)
That the "woman's seed" should conquer, sin and pain, and death and hell,
Risked he ALL of earth and heaven, all profusely did he sell?

III.

Jacob thus received the blessing, lost to Esau and his name,
Late in anguish sore relenting, crying out in bitter pain;
But alas! no more returning, never more regained by him.
Oh! how deep the pain abiding, from a moment's sensual sin.

IV.

We, too, Lord, have sold for nothing, all our heirship in Thy love,
For some sinful pleasure fleeting, bartered off a home above.
Now in sorrow and repentant, Lord again we seek Thy face,
Oh! regard our deep contrition, once again bestow Thy grace.

V.

Let us not in vain implore Thee, stretch our trembling hands in vain,
Low in deepest grief before Thee, let us now Thy love regain;
Feel ourselves restored to favor, thine acknowledged children, "heirs,"
And again through Christ our Savior, gain an answer to our prayers.

VI.

Sold like Esau, but recovered, we inherit through our Lord—
Tears of penitence availing, tears and faith in Jesus' word.
Thus again before our Father, thankful, happy, here we bring
Sacrifice of sweetest odour, songs of praises to our King.

W.

San Francisco, May, 1858.

The Critical Moment.

There are seasons—there is, pre-eminently, a moment, in the moral history of every man who is favored with the faithful ministrations of the gospel, pregnant with consequences most solemnly momentous and enduring—a moment, in which their destiny is decided forever. Professor Pond, in his invaluable little treatise on "Probation," remarks of awakened and convicted sinners, that they "are often brought to a point in their existence, when by the most trivial circumstances—a mere breath of influence one way or the other—their condition is settled for eternity." Among the illustrations which he has drawn from facts, he relates the following:

"The youngest Lord Littleton was in early life the subject of deep religious impressions, under the influence of which, as he informs us, he retired at a particular time to his chamber to pray, with the intention of committing his soul to God. As he was on the point of kneeling to engage in prayer, he concluded to turn aside and close his window shutters. At the window he saw a band of musicians parading through the streets. The splendor of their appearance caught his eye; their aspiring notes ravished his ear; he rushed from his apartment to the street, joined in the crowd, banished his seriousness, and felt the strivings of the Spirit no more."

We cannot doubt that there are thousands in our land, and many who will take up this paper and read this article, with whom the present is that critical moment, fraught with eternal life or death to the soul. In regard to others, it has just passed, but with results as different and wide from each other as heaven and hell. Some have seized the golden moment, and thrown themselves, as helpless sinners, into the arms of divine mercy, and obtained pardon of sin, and have a glorious happy eternity in prospect. Others, by the tremendous violence to the dictates of their own conscience, have formed a contrary purpose, turned away from God, and peace will never visit their souls. The apathy which attends a seared conscience may blind them in part, from a distinct perception of their ultimate doom; but there will be intervals—and they will be more frequent and distressing as that doom draws near—when they will be tormented with that "fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which will devour the adversaries of God."

Last Days of Rev. Dudley A. Tyng.

The following touching passages are from the sermon preached the Sabbath after the funeral, to the cangregation in Philedelphia, of which the deceased was pastor, by his father Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York. It is a beautiful tribute of a father's grief and faith. May it be the means of leading to the Savior, some young men in California.

In the winter of 1841, when he was sixteen years of age, the appointed time came for the manifestation of the grace of God, in the conversion of this vessel of His choice. A lovely young Christian woman, long since enjoying her Saviour's presence in glory, was, perhaps, the immediate instrument under God of calling the wandering heart to the God of his salvation. She made him the chosen companion of her walks, that she might be to him, as she was to many besides, an eminent, divine blessing; converted under God's blessing upon the ministry of the father, she longed to render back her thankfulness in being the instrument in the conversion of the child.

Late one night, when the family had retired to their rest, and left me to my closing hour of solitude in my study, I heard the sound of feet decending the stairs. It was this dear boy, who had arisen from his bed in sleeping sorrow. As he came into my room and pressed his arms round my neck, he said, "Dear father, I cannot sleep; I am so sinful. Father? father? will you pray for me?" We knelt together in prayer; and I gave him counsel for a short season, suited to his frame of mind, when he retired to his bed again. It pleased the Lord who separated him from his mother's womb, to call him by His grace, and to reveal His Son to him. He found, and he ever afterward enjoyed the blessed gift of the Father's adopting love, as it is made manifest in an acceptance of Jesus Christ.

In April, 1841, he was admitted to confirmation, and on the first Sunday of the succeeding August I received him to the table of the Lord. His whole character was changed. The sweetest gentleness and affection ruled his spirit and his manner; his life was meekness, purity and love. He rose in our habitation a sweet and gentle light from heaven—steady, uniform, attractive and grateful. He loved intensely; he was loved intensely in return. O, how much, *how much!* a loving parent's heart, watching over such a child, alone, in a concourse of people like this, can know.

His heart was immediately directed by the Holy Spirit to the ministry of the Word of God; and when his College course was finished he went to the Seminary of Virginia, where he attained, in three years' study, his education for the sacred work.

From Cincinnati, he came, by pressing solicitation from those in whom he has been taught from his childhood to confide, to try the ministry in the vast city. Of this I cannot speak; of this I must not speak. God avengeth his own elect by pouring blessings upon those who despise them on earth. Here, you are witnesses for him how holily, justly and unblamably he has behaved himself among you that are bereaved; how gentle he was among you even as a nurse cherisheth her children; how willing he was to have imparted to you, not the gospel of God only, but his own soul, because ye were dear unto him. Ye remember his labor and travail night and day. He has gone in and out in this city in many trials of character; and particularly I have surveyed his course with intense concern, but with intense confidence and gratification—as much in the day of his darkest trial, as in the hour of highest exaltation; and his God and Savior has vindicated him, honored him and crowned him here in the presence of this whole community. His judgment he left with his God. Reviled, he reviled not again; and amply and thoroughly has that gracious God paid his faithfulness, in keeping that which his faithful servant covenanted unto him.

Oh, my friends, not a cup of cold water that any of you have given to that darling boy of mine shall ever be forgotten. A stricken father's heart blesses you all. A surrounding church honors and approves your work. Hold it up, *hold it up!* and make it a monument of the undying premanency of great PRINCIPLE—a monument of unchanging fidelity, of Christian fellowship and Christian friendship here on earth.

What unprecedented honors were paid to his memory in that sublime and overwhelming spectacle of his funeral! How strange seemed the fact that a private, youthful minister of Christ, scarce three years living in the place, should thus gather crowds of sympathizing thousands literally to stop the passages of the streets of a busy city of men, in the very noon of earthly engagements! How wonderful the testimony which collected and venerated ministers of Christ bore to his character and fidelity and usefulness! How remarkable the fact already we hear of young men given themselves to Christ, moved by the Spirit's use of his peculiar departure! Oh, I have not a single doubt—that this event is to be the instrument of God in glorifying Jesus, and we shall read in living epistles the Lord's reasons for gathering so soon a messenger so much beloved. My griefs are swallowed up in my view of a public loss; my sorrows are turned into joy in a sure conviction of God's fidelity.

Oh his return to his distant home on Sunday night, previous to this sorrowful event, he said to his wife after he came to the house, "I have enjoyed my ride home so much; I have had such sweet and pleasant communion with God all the way upon the road." O, this was the key to all his feelings in the hour and the work of the trial through which he was to pass. This was the provision for his journey through the valley of the shadow of death; and it is a coincidence a little remarkable that on that very night, he found her reading in her solitude, the life of Summerfield; and having just arrived at the period of his youthful departure, she said, "How sad to see such an early death! If you had only been a few moments later, I should have finished the whole book to-night!"—little imagining that another youth was soon to follow in the same peculiar experience.

* * * * * * *

His calmness and placidity were characteristic through the whole of this week's trial and sorrow, and yet they were most remarkable.

Early on Monday morning, after a feeble and wasteful night, he said to his mother who was bathing his body and limbs, "Dear mother, you are nursing my poor, torn and wounded body, but angels will guard and nurse my torn and suffering soul."

He received the annunciation of his approaching death with the utmost calmness and delight, replying, "My father, dear, I dearly love you all, but I had rather be with Jesus than with my dearest ones on earth. Lay me straight in the bed, father, and cover me up, and let me wait my Father's time." We arranged his bed as well as possible, and he lay in quietness in it for a little while. His friends and family were gathered immediately around his bed as I announced to them the certainty of his approaching departure. We watched his blessed and animated countenance in its repose.

He was presently asked if he had any messages to send to his brethren in the ministry, or to his congregation. He answered us, "Not now, I am too much exhausted." Again he reposed for a few moments, and then opened his eyes with a very elevated expression, and said in a loud and very distinct voice, "Now father, I am ready. Tell them, 'Let us all stand up for Jesus—let us all stand in Christ Jesus in prayer—accepted in Christ, having no other claims than His righteousness, that Christ may be glorified in us forever.'"

In reference to his own death, he said, "I wish to say in regard to this dispensation, I am perfectly satisfied—I have not one fault to find with it. I say it emphatically, *I have not one fault to find with it.* I desire only that it may be abundantly sanctified to us all." His beautiful private, personal address to his wife, and two addresses to his family and particularly to his little children, who were severally brought to him, and to whom he gave separately a father's parting kiss and blessing, these were all so spiritual, so sweet, so solemn, that they can never be effaced from the memory of those who heard and saw the remarkable scene which they made up.

But the power of life was now fast going, and he seemed no longer conscious of our presence. I aroused him again and asked him,

"Do you see me, my dear son?"

"No."

"Do you hear me?"

"No."

"Do you not know your father's voice?"

"No."

His wife made the same attempts, but with no other result. I then said,

"My darling son, do you know Jesus?"

"Oh, yes!" said he, in a voice of wonderful strength and deliberation, "*Oh, yes! I know Jesus*—I have a steadfast trust in Jesus—a calm and steadfast trust." He spoke with astonishing distinctness.

This was perhaps, within an hour of his departure. After this he could say no more, connectedly; yet, one half hour afterwards, perhaps, I though he might be conscious to my voice, and I asked him,

"Are you happy, my dear son?"

And he answered me very distinctly,

"Oh, perfectly, perfectly!"

How strange! They were the very words with which his sainted mother closed her testimony to me six and twenty years before, within five minutes of her death. From that moment he gently sobbed his life like an infant who had fallen asleep in crying. His sobs became fainter and fainter, until the last one gently passed, and *all was quietness and rest.* The same tender, faithful ones who had nursed him, and bathed his fevered head night and day with such uninterrupted devotion as gently closed his eyes in death, and placed his lifeless head back upon the pillow, a pattern of the tenderness of affection, and endurance of fidelity which adorns the nearest relations of human life. Thus, my beloved friends, thus have we all agreed to lend him to the Lord as long as he liveth. He was a child of prayer from his birth. Long since a mother's inwrought fervent prayers were turned to praise; but who shall dare to say a Christian mother's love can die, or her maternal interest refuse to embrace every possible advantage which God may grant unknown to us in continued prayer.

My life-long power and effort has been in labors that all the people of Christ might be one. In nothing did I live the unity of my dear boy with me, so much as in his solemn, cordial purpose to work with me in the great line of Christian duty.

I bless every praying soul that has thought of him. Oh, beloved Christian, think of me. Sometimes breath a prayer for this poor shattered tabernacle, that it may yet fulfill the work that God had graciously assigned it, and be laid aside with equal faith and equal hope!

Oh, beloved, this is enough! This is enough! It compensates for every care; it pays for every labor; it removes every sorrow; it explains every mystery; it wipes away every fear; it fills the heart with joy unspeakable! Nearer, still nearer, oh, my God, art thou bringing us to thee! Nearer, still nearer, does this poor suffering soul desire to come. And, though he was the breath of my nostrils—the anointed of the Lord, under whose shadow I had hoped to pass my weary age, and to be gathered to my tomb beneath his ministry, around me, with unspeakable delight, in the knowledge that he should stand in gaps that I have left, I have nothing to say, but "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless His holy name!"

This One Thing I Do.

Men with less talent and ability than the Apostle possessed, are apt to think themselves capable of doing several things at once. There are those who are going through whole circles of science and theology, of philosophy and the arts. They propound many theories, but substantiate none. They produce a great agitation upon the surface of society, while its deep undercurrents are controlled by other agencies, if controlled at all. It is sometimes said of a promising young man, who manifests a capability for any or every calling, that he will make a great stir in the world; but a great stir is not what the world most needs, especially our Western world. What we need here, is a settling down into the calm, dignified pursuits of life; one man holding himself steadily to one trade, one profession—making it his constant aim to perfect himself in that, and to render it in the highest degree possible a benefit to society. To produce great and lasting results, there must be a concentration of thought and effort. The rays of a Winter's sun when falling naturally upon a large surface, produce no sensible effect. But interpose for a moment a burning glass, bring those scattered rays together, and make them bear directly upon one point, and it will be seen that the power of concentration is great, and produces lasting results. This principle stops not with physical law. It enters with us into all the callings of life. It gives efficiency to mechanical pursuits, it adds perfection to the fine arts, and it surrounds the learned professions with a grandeur and dignity that time does not soon distroy.

Especially should there be a singleness of aim in religious pursuits. It is not to gain a multiplicity of ends, or to compass multiplicity of objects, that religion with all her impressive sanctions, stimulates man to earnest effort. There is in all, a singleness of aim—a unity of purpose. That one purpose is to glorify God. This is the centre—this the sum and substance, of all Christian activity. Whatever contributes to this, must be pursued with all industry. Like the needle steadily to the pole—so religion in the soul, steadily, incessantly, to its purpose. It stops not when a revenue of glory, large though it be, has been secured to the Godhead; it still goes out in other directions, only to return with a larger and richer, and more glorious freight. It compasses sea and land—it ascends mountains, and crosses deserts—it preaches from the pulpit, and by the wayside, and from house to house—it prints Bibles and distributes tracts—it gives a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple—it penetrates the savage wilds of barbarism, while it sits gracefully in the halls of refinement—it lays under tribute to itself all science, all art, all philosophy—it is achieving, still achieving, now in one direction, now in another; to-day with one set of agencies, to-morrow with another. And all this it does not in a confused, and indefinite, and aimless manner. However varied the forms of activity, religion still declares, emphatically, "*this one thing I do.*" And however well and faithfully this is done, it is never so done as to admit of rest until the death-shades gather thick around these scenes of toil and conflict.

"LOWLY TEMPLES."

"Simple and frail our lowly Temples throw
Their slender shadows on the paths below.
Scarce steal the winds that sweep his woodland tracks,
The larche's perfume from the settler's ax.
Ere, like a vision of the morning air,
His slight framed steeple marks the house of prayer.
And faith's pure hymn beneath a shelter rode,
Breathes out as sweetly to the tangled wood,
As where the sun through blazing oriels pours,
On marble shaft, and tesselated floors.
God asks no surplice round the heart that feels,
And all is holy where devotion kneels."

Origin of the City of London.

London is first mentioned as a Roman settlement, in the reign of Nero, A. D. 61, when it was the residence of a great many merchants and dealers. Long before their taking possession of it, however, it was a village of the Belgic Britons, who were a mixed race of Gauls and Germans, but more German than Gælic. It was built in a wood, fortified with ramparts and ditches, hence its name, Lund, or the wood, and Lunduyn, the fortified wood or hill. It is indebted to no splendid origin or adventitious aid, except being the seat of government; but has risen to its present grandeur and opulency by its intrinsic merits, the advantages of its situation, and the industry and commercial spirit of its inhabitants. The Romans soon discovered its convenient situation for a military station, and established a magazine of stores and provisions there, A. D. 51.

The first notice of London as a place of commercial importance, occurs in the annals of Tacitus, who speaks of it as the noble emporium of his time, the great resort of merchants, and famous for its social intercourse, though not a colony.

About the year 886, London, which appears to have been almost totally destroyed and depopulated by the Danes, was restored, and more strongly fortified by Alfred, and soon after filled with inhabitants who had been driven into exile, or kept in captivity by the Danes.

In the year 1556, a manufactory of the finest sort of glasses, was established in Friars, and the fine flint glass, little inferior to that of Venice, was at the same time made at the Savoy. Seven years afterwards, a manufactory of knives was begun by Thomas Matthews, of Fleet Bridge.

The whole number of merchants in London, at the commencement of Queen Elizabeth's reign, 1568, was in all only three hundred and twenty-six.

In the year 1579, Morgan Hubbelthorn, a dyer, was sent to Persia, at the expense of the city of London, to learn the art of dyeing there, and of making carpets.

In the year 1564, the use of coaches was introduced by a Dutchman named William Boonen, who became the Queen's coachman, and before many years, divers great ladies made themselves craches, and rode in them up and down the country.

Shortly before that period, the knowledge and wear of lawns and cambrics were introduced by the Dutch merchants, who retailed those articles in ells, yards, &c., for there was then not one shopkeeper amongst fifty who durst buy a whole peice.

About the fifth or six year of the reign of Elizabeth, the manufacture of pins was introduced; and in her eighth year, the manufacture of needles was first taught.

About the same time, the making of earthen furnaces, earthen fire-pots, and earthen ovens, transportable, was first taught in London, without Moorgate, by Richard Dyer, who brought the art from Spain.

Women's masks, muffs, fans, bodkins, and periwigs, were introduced from France about the time of the massacre in Paris, 1571–1577. Pocket watches were first introduced into London from Nuremburg, in Germany, where they were thought to have been invented.

The printing of Prices Current was first adopted by John Day, of London, in 1694.

The banking business commenced in 1545, as appears from a rare pamphlet, entitled "The mystery of the new fashioned goldsmiths or bankers discovered;" and in which it is stated that the merchants and traders of London, no longer daring to confide as before to the integrity and care of their apprentices and agents, who frequently go into the army, began first at this period to lodge their cash in the hands of goldsmiths, whom they commssioned both to receive and to pay for them. The goldsmiths quickly perceiving the advantage that might be derived from this capital, soon allowed a regular interest on all somes deposited.

In the same year also, the use of coffee was introduced into London, by a Turkish merchant, who brought home with him a Ragusan Greek, by whom the manner of roasting and making coffee was first made known.

In the year 1679, the wear of India muslin was introduced into London, and soon became prevalent. In this year also, the Hudson's Bay Company was incorporated, with very enlarged powers; and the manufacture of fine glass was brought to perfection through the encouragement of the Duke of Buckingham, who procured makers, grinders, and polishers of glass from Venice, to settle in England.

The printing of calicoes was first practised in London in 1687, and nearly at the same time the weaver's loom was introduced into the metropolis from Holland, and it was called the Dutch loom engine.

The great increase of the population, and domestic traffick of the metropolis, led to that useful establishment, the Penny Post—which was set up by Murray, an upholsterer, in the year 1685.

The year 1694 became a most memorable one in the commercial annals of the metropolis by the institution of the Bank of England, which was incorporated by charter on the 29th of July, the effects of which on the trade, prosperity, revenues, &c., exerted a very beneficial and salutary influence.

William Wallace.

WALLACE was tried at Westminister. A crown of laurel was placed upon his head by Edward's directions, who knew that he might have worn a crown of gold. He was charged with treason, and answered that he was never a subject of Edward's, and could not be guilty of treason against that king. He was charged with levying war against the king, storming his castles, burning his towns, slaying his subjects—and he replied that in defence of his own land, and in repelling violence, he had taken several of the enemies' castles, burned some of their towns, and slain many of their brave subjects. His answers exhibited neither bravado nor equivocation. He expected no mercy, and he sought none—but plainly avowed and defended his conduct. Among the barons of England the chained prisoner stood the most dignified man. They were slaves—and he was free, in spirit, even while in bonds. Trial was a form in his case—and sentence had been long pronounced. He was ordered to be gibbeted, disembowelled, and his body burned—except his head, which was reserved for London Bridge; one arm kept for Newcastle, and another for Berwick, his right foot for Perth, and his left for Aberdeen. He was conveyed from Westminister to the Tower, and from thence to Smithfield, where his sentence was executed to the letter. Edward insisted that no ecclesiastic should be permitted to converse with him; and while the gallant barons of England abandoned a noble foe to the mean cruelty of a malignant king, the highest ecclesiastic [illegible] and Winchilsea, the Archbishop of Canterbury, told Edward that the Church must not suffer that infamy, and attended upon the patriot almost to his death. He was drawn on a hurdle to Smithfield, and on the way he requested Lord Clifford to restore his Psalter, which he had carried from his early years. The book was given to him, and with this only memorial of Elderslie, amid the taunts of a mob, who knew not that he was the only freeman there, he commended his soul to God, and died, still in his early youth, leaving a name that will never perish in his own land, nor from the land of his martyrdom for freedom's sake.

The popular idea of Wallace, from the number of his achievements, is that of a man who reached an advanced period of life. Nine years served to earn his imperishable renown; and the object of Edward's hatred was a young man of thirty years. In that short life he acquired the highest military renown, combining personal daring and strength with the science of a consummate general. He formed a system of military tactics, and drilled his raw recruits into a phalanx of admirable strength. He evinced administrative talent of a high order, and an anxiety for and estimate of the value of commerce, unusual in his age. He acquired all the learning of his country and his time, and was acquainted with at least the Latin and French languages. His diplomatic skill was equal to his military success. He was the champion of the common people, and would have reformed their domestic wrongs as he repelled their foreign assailants. He was the friend of law and the supporter of order in troubulous times; and thus he clung to the cause of Baltol while even Bruce compromised and schemed for his own advantage. His honesty was incorruptible, and his patriotism without a strain. No man ever more completely forgot himself in the public interest; and "posterity," not always just to the great and the dead, have acknowledged him as the first man of his land—the prince of patriots, who, scorning a crown while he lived, has reigned and ruled over hearts for centuries.

And now they propose to build a monument to the man whose monument is Scotland—whose memorial is in the very heart that values liberty, and the privileges wrung out of the prerogatives of Norman kings and the power of feudal chiefs. The proposal is just, but the execution may be weak. A monument to Wallace cannot be a pillar like Lord Melville's, or an ornament to a street like Sir Walter Scott's. The plan and the site are not matured. Some parties proposed a pyramid, bold and high, like the patriot's deeds, on the field of Stirling. That idea is, probably, more consistent with the man and his time than any other which has been mentioned. But he does not now require a monument like a gauntlet of defiance, or towering to the sky from the battle-field. His services and his worth are not less warmly acknowleged in England than in Scotland. His value to English liberty was equal to his efforts for Scottish independence; while no people more fully acknowledge the merits of a foe than the English nation, especially a foe who battled for right, and emphatically of a man whose memory belongs to Britian—for he placed the union of the severed parts upon the only equitable, and, therefore, the only solid basis.

LEGISLATIVE PRAYERS.—The Albany *Journal* says Rev. Dr. Rogers was in attendance, and stated that even on ship board, he was requested to lead in prayer. Some time, a venerable lady approached him, saying: "I have no fears now of storms on land or in the ship." So Dr. Rogers remarked, "I have no fears now for legislation, as God is in the Capitol.

Christian Intelligencer.

The Weekly Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO:
THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 10, 1858.

Rev. T. H. Brayton, one of the editors of this paper, left this State on the *Golden Age* on Saturday last, for a visit to his relatives and friends in the Atlantic States. His absence will be but temporary, and it is expected the columns of the *Pacific* will be enriched by his communications frequently, until his return.

SUNDAY LAW.

The new Sunday Law went into operation last Sabbath. In our walks about the city we did not discover any unusual gloom settling down upon the faces of our citizens. It may be imagination, but we think there were more people in the streets than usual, and there seemed to be an air of satisfaction about them, and a joyousness totally inconsistent with any sense of irksomeness and restraint, which some had predicted, as the result of the enforcement of an arbitrary and odious Sunday Law. In fact we think the nature and intent of the law, as well as the motives of those who asked for its enactment have been entirely misunderstood and misstated.

The law we believe is entitled "a Law for the better observance of the Christian Sabbath." In our opinion a better title would have been this: A Law for the securing of the first day of the week as a day of rest and cessation from ordinary labor.

We approve of this latter title, because many who signed petitions asking for the law and who advocated its passage, do not believe in the obligation of the Christian Sabbath; because many who desired the passage of the law, and who expected to be favored by its enactments, had no expectation of securing the benefits arising from a Christian observance of the day, and they in this manner in appearance ask for what in reality they do not intend to procure nor enjoy. Thousands of this class might like the Sabbath for a day of rest and recreation, who would despise it as a day of prayer and praise, or as a day to be observed in the practice of the duties of the Christian religion.

Again, we believe in this view the law can easily be defended on constitutional grounds, while it might be difficult to call on the authorities of the State to secure its observance as a religious and Christian institution.

Give us the law, says the laborer. My physical system will not and cannot endure this continuous and exhausting strain upon its powers.

Give us the law, says the contractor. My men will not accomplish as much work, toiling without rest as they will resting one day in seven; even my animals show that the law of physical life requires periodical rest.

Give us the law, says the parent. My family need my presence with them at least one day in seven for their nurture and domestic training.

Give us the law, says the over-taxed brain of the professional man. This extreme nervous excitement, attendant on increasing mental labor, will sooner or later require and demand repose. The physical system may become too weak to perform its offices, or reason itself refuse to guide the deliberation of the brain.

Give the people the law, says experience. France, in its day of infidelity, abrogated the Sabbath as a religious institution, but the people demanded their periodical rest, and their rulers were fain to appoint the tenth day, instead of the seventh, that the people might be relaxed and refreshed by some regular interruption to the monotony of ceaseless labor.

Give us the law, for the moral interests of society require that this rule of work, work, work, should be broken in upon, and time be given for the performance of domestic and social duties, and without prescribing the way on which our citizens should worship, or whether they should worship at all, release them awhile from the demands of labor, that as good citizens they may have time to attend to the duties of their moral nature and religious being. In this connection, while we hold that the State has no power to impose any set of religious observance upon the people, yet, the obligation rests upon the State to give fair opportunity for the religious sentiment to develope itself, for we have the highest authority for the principle that a morality, dependent on religion, is essential to the existence of a Republic. What, then, is the nature and scope of the so-called Sunday Law?

It is to discourage, by legal enactment, the performance of unnecessary labor on the first day of the week. It is to give to laborers, mechanics, merchants and professional men the opportunity of rest from ordinary toil, that they may have opportunity for the performance of domestic and social duties. It is to give an opportunity for our citizens without interruption to attend to the cultivation of the moral and religious affections, and without distrubance from others secure their own religious improvement in the way their own consciences shall dictate. Over all these matters we believe the State is competent to exercise control. It is competent for the State so to regulate labor as to "cure its provils" a blessing instead of a curse to the community. It is competent for the State to secure for its citizens opportunities for the development and exercise of the domestic virtues. It is competent for the State to foster and encourage the religious sentiment of the community, not by position, but by leaving its growth undisturbed; for it is *religious principle* which underlies the morality and virtue of a people.

But the State here must stop; it cannot invade the dominion of conscience, and say how our religious worship shall be conducted, simply because it has no power to do this. When conscience towards God in respect to worship commences, the power of the State ends. The ground is sacred. We are the last to wish the State to profane it with unhallowed foot, and say men shall worship according to our belief.

It is this mistaken notion, that the new Sunday Law was a Christian or religious institution which has caused most of the odium and opposition to it.

Hereto, then, we find fault with the title of the law, "The better observance of the *Christian* Sabbath." The *Christian* Sabbath is one thing, but the Sabbath of the State a totally different thing. The latter enjoins cessation from ordinary labor, and that is all. But the Christian Sabbath is a day devoted to religious worship; to works of charity and devotion; to communion with God, and acts beneficial to our fellow-men. The State Law, however, has not the slightest tinge of religion about it. It is a mere municipal ordinance, negative in its nature, imposing not the performance of a single duty, except to refrain from labor; and the argument for this is *not that God enjoins it*, but that a day of rest and duty will be conducive to the well-being of the State. So far as the State is concerned, Friday, the Mahommedan Sabbath, or Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, or the tenth day of the French convention, would have been as good a day as Sunday, except that by common law and almost general consent, the first day of the week has come to be set apart as a day of rest.

How idle, then, is all cant about blue laws, and fanaticism, and superstition, and religious influence. We will not argue before that our religious people find no such influence with our law-makers. It was the best and wisest that wanted rest, and they asked it of our Legislature, and received what they asked for.

But the opposition of our Hebrew citizens is explained. Why so? No Christian duty is imposed upon them. They are enjoined to remember the Sabbath day, according to the spirit of the Decalogue. "But this is not the Sabbath that Moses appointed." Neither do they keep now the ancient Sabbath which Moses appointed to be kept. They commence their Sabbath day ten hours after their brethren in Palestine. Why not twenty-four hours?

But there *is* a class of our citizens on whom this law does bear hardly. A number have already appeared in court to answer for its violation. The retail liquor dealers of this city suffer in their business from this law. A powerful argument, we say, in its favor. What an amount of drunkenness debauchery and crime in general is this traffic the fruitful source, and if this tide of woe can be stopped for one day in seven only, what a blessing to this community!

Another class suffer—the barbers. But we understand the police, (on the principle, we suppose, that cleanliness is *next* to godliness,) will wink at their open doors till ten o'clock. Still another class, specified by a morning print, will suffer: gentlemen arriving from a long voyage in this city on a Sunday morning with a long beard, wanting to go to church with smooth faces. This we admit is an extreme case, but we trust the next Legislature will make an exemption specially in their favor.

And now in view of this law, what should *Christians* do? Keep it. We have heard of professed Christians who have kept open their stores and work-shops on the Sabbath, because others did. The law will now protect them in *rest*.

Improve the time the law will give them in religious worship and in the performance of domestic and social duties. Take your children to the Sabbath School, and seek to bring in all the children of your neighborhood to school also.

Attend the house of God yourselves, and invite your fellow-citizens to go with you. Where you can not enjoy the preaching of the gospel, establish meetings for prayer. Get good books and circulate them; the Word of God above all. Do as your Master did on the Sabbath. Go about doing good. Visit the sick. Relieve the wants of the poor. Comfort the afflicted. Make the Sabbath a blessing to yourselves, and those around you; you have *time* to do it.

And let ministers of the Word see to it that the service of God's house be made as attractive as possible. Let the Word be preached, faithfully, earnestly, intelligently. Let the flame of beaten oil glow in your lamps, that the people who may come in may be warmed and enlightened. Let no *dullness* and *coldness* of the preacher be an excuse for non-attendance at the place of public worship. And since by the *law of the State* our citizens are exempted from secular labor, pray that the *law of God* may incline their hearts to make the Sabbath a day of spiritual improvement.

THE SUNDAY LAW AND THE PAPERS.

It may be well to say to the conductors and proprietors of some of the dailies in this city, that the sources from whence come their disingenuous articles with respect to the Sunday Law, are known. Now we do not undertake to say that this law is perfect. And if it needs to be altered, it will appear in due time, and in what respects. And if the writers in the newspapers will help to improve and perfect this law, they will do well.

But when they undertake to break down the law itself, because it has two defects; when they undertake to press its operation to an offensive and odious extent on purpose to make capital against it; when they seek to array and lead on a great liquor army against it just because they hate any law securing the Sabbath as a day of rest, then they are using what influence they have to the injury of society, and those papers will find that this course will result in damage to themselves. As I said above, the writers of these things are known; their hand has been seen in various papers in this city, now numbered with the dead, and they are not likely to be any help to those who now employ them. We ask nothing but candor, truth and fairness in this matter, and such law respecting the Sabbath as is required and maintained in the other well-regulated States of the Union. LEX.

CALIFORNIA PAPER MANUFACTURE.—This number of the *Pacific* is printed on paper manufactured by Messrs. Taylor & Post at their factory in this State. We believe it to be the duty of all Californians to patronize as far as practicable the products of the industry of our own State, and acting upon that belief, we intend at all times to give them a preference over all others.

THE PACIFIC MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL. This interesting and valuable periodical for June, published by Drs. Trask & Wooster, is before us. It is well got up, and contains much that is valuable to the general reader; while we think it must be indispensable to all members of the medical and surgical profession.

GAS.—The Aubin Gas Company in this city, is about to commence operations again, under the auspices of Dr. Gaven and others, who lately bought in the effects at Sheriff's sale.

HEAVY ROBBERY IN DUPONT STREET.—A man named J. W. Williams, while his employer, Barnett Pile, a pawn-broker on Dupont street, near Washington, was absent from his place of business, removed nearly all the property from the establishment, amounting in money and valuables to $5000. On discovering his loss, Mr. Pile made complaint at the police office, and by the aid of the officers, traced the stolen goods to Sacramento street, where they were secreted by the offender, and took them again into his possession.

NEW PAPER IN SACRAMENTO.—A new paper, called the *Californian*, of the Douglas school of Democracy, has been started in Sacramento.

UNION PRAYER MEETINGS.—Union prayer meetings have been held each night for a considerable time, at Placerville and at Nevada.

For the encouragement of those who are led to maintain such meetings, we will mention an incident connected with the revivals at the East. In Newburyport, Mass., such meetings were held for several successive weeks without apparent results. But at length, in answer to continuous, persevering prayer, an effect, an extensive and powerful revival prevailed, which resulted in the conversion of several hundred.

REVIVAL AT THE EAST.—The papers still contain accounts of the continuance of the revival in multitudes of places.

MEXICAN TESTIMONY.—We understand that Dr. Gwin is endeavoring to procure the passage of a law by Congress, providing for the taking of testimony in Mexico, to be used in the Mexican land claims in this State. It is to be hoped he will not succeed in it, as we have had quite enough of such testimony, manufactured to order, and if land titles are ever to be settled here, it is quite time that farce was ended.

GREAT FIRE AT MARIPOSA.—A large portion of the town of Mariposa was destroyed on Friday last, the 4th inst. The loss is estimated at $200,000.

SUICIDE IN TULARE.—R. D. Mitchell committed suicide in Tulare county last week, by discharging a rifle which he held at the time, immediately above the right ear.

ARRAY OF FRASER RIVER DUST.—Up to three o'clock yesterday, only two hundred ounces of Fraser river gold, worth about $3,000, had been deposited in the Mint in this city. It is all very fine gold, and assays 843 fine on an average, while the average fineness of the placer gold of this State, is 886, and of the fine river gold 895; thus showing that the scale gold of New Caledonia is not so rich as that of California by 43 thousandth, or nearly five per cents, or $50 cents per ounce. We have reason to believe that at least two hundred ounces more will go into the Mint in a few days.—*Alta of the 9th.*

THOUGHTS ON SKEPTICISM.

It is most surprising to observe with what ease skeptics will make positive assertions with respect to the bible and believers in it, which are most positively false. Yet they will retail them out from one to another, and use them over and over again, without examining them to know whether they are true or not. The prominent assertions of this kind refer to the origin of the bible, the means by which it has been preserved to us, the manner of its translation, and the manner in which its believers believe it.

As to its origin, we care very little who were its writers, for in almost every case it is a mere opinion, and has no important bearing upon the truth of the accounts, since the evidence has no particular reference to the writers. As to the means of its preservation to us, the Roman Catholics were not this means, except in part, so that they could not alter or corrupt it. Original copies of it, in full or in part, have been found, handed down to the present generation, by the black Jews in the center of Hindostan, by the natives of Abyssinia, in Egypt, in the Barbary States, in Greece, in Asia Minor, in Persia, and many other places where Romanism never did prevail, as well as in Catholic countries, and all these copies put together, in number equal to thousands from all parts of the old world, agree so remarkably, that there are only four passages in which there is any important difference. So wonderful an agreement enables us to say, the bible is not altered from what it was, it is not corrupted, no one people or sect has ever monopolized and changed it, we have it now as it was at first.

Again, the translators did not receive and reject books to suit themselves. We have in the original the whole bible and all the books, just as they were before the translation, and thousands and tens of thousands can read them in the original, and know the translation to be an admirable one. Neither did Councils reject books in the original, though Greek *translations* of *Hebrew books* which are lost, are rejected, because we have nothing of them more than a translation, therefore we could not know that the translation is correct. In the Greek, there are some original books rejected because they were not written for over two hundred years after the time of Christ, and hence are without authority. This is fair and plain, yet the skeptics we find, generally will not examine to know these facts, but go on repeating over and over their old assertions.

Now if skeptics will examine and go along with us a little way, we will present in short some of the prominent reasons why we believe the bible.

1st. We have evidence from history, as reliable as for any fact in ancient times, that the Old Testament was translated out of the Hebrew into Greek, and put into the Alexandrian library, more than two hundred years before the time of Christ. There is also much other historical evidence that the book is as old as this at least. From that time down, the book has not been altered or corrupted. For the New Testament there is good historical evidence that it was all written within seventy years after the death of Christ, and not corrupted since.

2d. These two books abound with minute, plain and specific assertions as to the future condition of then flourishing people, tribes, states, nations, cities, lands and countries. There are hundreds and thousands of these different descriptions, such as no other book claiming to come from God has. Now of all this vast number of assertions, not one has failed of being true. Just exactly as that book, written back far in the past, asserted things should be, such is the case, with the Egyptians, the Ishmaelites, the Jews, the Moabites, Amonites, Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, and others, all being now true, contrary to then probabilities. The same may be said of the countries of Palestine, Idumea, Babylon, Assyria, Egypt, &c.; also, of the cities of Jerusalem, Gaza, Tyre, Sidon, Damascus, Petræa, Babylon, Ninevah, Smyrna, Philadelphia, &c., in great numbers, all now just as this book written so far back says they should be, though wholly different from what they then were. These predictions prove that, in connection with the writing of the bible, there was a real *knowledge* of these things in the future. But according to all evidence, a mere man could not have known such things in the future of himself, therefore we believe that the knowledge was from a higher source, from some one above man, who did know the future. As this could only come from Him who made the world, who alone could know its future, we believe it came from Him, even from God.

3d. The miracles of the bible are different from all others, and impossible as impositions. Romanists, Spiritualists, Mormons, &c., can cure a headache, a slight rheumatic trouble, warts upon the hand, the hypoe, and some other complaints, when they can secure the *faith* of the patient, and sometimes without, and so anybody can work upon the imagination. But never, as in the bible, can they cure immediately a broken bone, running sores, the frame emaciated by sickness, the limbs crooked by unnatural deformities, eyes blinded by disease, ears deaf from birth, raise the evident dead to life, and innumerable others, of a nature impossible to contrive by imposition, done openly before hundreds of intelligent enemies, and then, when performed, remaining permanent cures. Such miracles as these no other pretended religion in the world has in its favor. They are altogether above the power of men, and if true must have come from God. They must have been true, for otherwise they would have been such open lies, as that enemies would have exposed them, who, on the contrary were compelled to admit them as real.

Such works as these prove that the religion in connection with which they were wrought, came not from man, but from God, who alone, in His own works, can do as to Him seems proper. But here we must wait till another article, before we present yet four other evidences. S. V.

EDITORS PACIFIC: I am glad, and as a citizen of Sonora, am proud to inform you that the Sabbath law which went into operation June 1st, was duly observed in Sonora yesterday, in every instance, so far as I noticed, with the exception of the gambling hells, the billiard saloons, and the low groggeries. This exception will not long exist unless we have greatly misjudged our learned and efficient District Attorney, LEANDER QUINN, Esq., and that too, notwithstanding the special pleading of last Saturday's DAILY ALTA.

Has the editor of the *Alta* a drop of American blood in him? If so, why should he suppose that our Democratic Senators and Assembly men, legislating for the longitude of London that he should be so anxious to give the *English* sense to the term *tavern*. Has he forgotten that California is in the United States? And that the terms in which our laws are expressed are to be interpreted by the general sense which we Democrats choose to put upon them, and not by that in which Englishmen may see fit to construe them? As generally understood in the United States—and it was for us denizens of the United States, that our law-givers were legislating—he rightly says that the word *tavern*, according to Webster, "is synonymous with *inn* or *hotel*, and denotes a house for the entertainment of travellers, as well as for the sale of liquors." I do not believe that the word *tavern*, one time in a hundred, means any thing else. We never hear *Americans* speak of a liquor shop simply as a *tavern*; if such a place is ever called a *tavern*, I have noted that men almost invariably correct themselves, and speak of it by the right name, calling it a liquor shop, drinking saloon, or groggery. And such, it will be found, is the interpretation of the Courts, and such I trust, will be the decisions of our Courts; and I cannot think that the members of our last Legislature will thank the *Alta*, for charging them with such mean and dastardly duplicity as it most grossly insinuates in its last Saturday's issue, use that our Courts will feel that they have been very highly complimented by the *Alta's* weak and silly presumption that such will be their interpretation.

For that journal's special benefit, we will give, what it did not accord with its aim to do. Webster's definition of the word *tavern-keeper*, which is also a term found in that law. "*Tavern-keeper, in the United States, one who is licensed to sell liquors in his house, and to entertain travelers and lodgers, together with the horses or oxen composing the teams. Tavern-keepers are, by law, to be provided with suitable beds for their guests, and with fodder for horses and cattle.*"

The *Alta* says that it is in favor of the strict enforcement of that law; and yet the spirit and tone of the whole article is calculated, if not designed, to produce exactly the contrary effect.

Pardon the impertinence, if it be such; but why did the *Alta* reserve that article until the very last day of the week, and the last day before the law could go into practical operation?

LAW AND ORDER.

Sonora, June 7th, 1858.

Annual Meeting of the Sunday School Union.

The Rev. Mr. Lacy's Church, on the corner of California and Dupont streets, was last Sunday the scene of one of those events which characterize San Francisco as a Christian city. The children of the different Protestant Sunday Schools were assembled together to celebrate the anniversary of the establishment of the Sunday School Union; and a brighter array of innocent faces and ruddy cheeks never was presented anywhere to challenge the admiration of the spectator. Upwards of a thousand little ones were gathered inside the church—and these, with their parents and friends, crowded the commodious edifice to its utmost capacity.

The ceremonies were interesting; and were entered into by the children with an intelligence and zest that showed how keenly alive they were to the importance of the occasion. At a word from the President, Mr. Chapin, every tiny whisper was hushed, and all rising to their feet, they sang together, a beautiful hymn, commencing as follows:

We have met in peace together,
In this house of God again;
Constant friends have led us hither,
Here to chant the solemn strain;

Here to breathe our adoration,
Here the Savior's name to sing;
May the spirit of salvation,
Come with healing in his wing.

After this hymn, the Rev. Mr. Saxton read an appropriate lesson from the Scriptures, and made a brief, but eloquent prayer in behalf of the schools, the children and the teachers. Then the children sang another hymn, after which, the Reports of the different Sunday schools were read by the Secretary.

From the Reports the following statistics have been collated:

	No. of Teachers and Scholars.	No. Vols. in Library.
Folsom Street Methodist School	105	800
Powell Street Methodist School	130	1,400
First Baptist School	104	1,025
Tabernacle Baptist School	47	1,000
First Presbyterian School	165	2,050
Calvary Presbyterian School	163	2,000
Howard Street School	139	1,200
First Congregational School	286	1,900
Bethel—Mission Street School	102	500
Mission Mission School	94	450
North Beach School	84	560
Bethel School, Clark Street	18	100
Mason and Geary Streets School	33	600
Market Street German School	46	169
Third Baptist (Colored) School	29	138
Zion Church—Methodist (Colored)	30	400
	1,623	14,272

Total number connected with the Union, about 2,400.
Total number of average attendance of Scholars, 1,346; of Teachers, 277 1,623
Total number of Volumes in the Libraries 14,272
The increase of Scholars during the year 248
Number of Volumes added to the Libraries during the year 4,098
Total number of Sabbath School Papers distributed during the year 52,000
The number of Deaths reported in all the Schools 8
The number of hopeful conversions, reported and estimated 80

The work which was commenced by the Sabbath School Union in January last for the purpose of gathering in those children who were not in the enjoyment of Sabbath School instruction, and especially these who were neglected or destitute, has resulted in the accomplishment of much good.

From the reports returned to the Secretary, it appears that 2,370 children were found who were connected with some Sabbath school, and 719 children were found who did not attend any Sabbath school; 17 children were found in destitute circumstances, and aid was promptly rendered. Of the above number who were not out of school, 512 were induced to attend at some one of the various Sabbath schools in our city, according to their own choice, whether connected with the Union or not.

After these reports had been read, the Rev. E S. Lacy was introduced, who proceeded to make a short address to the parents of the children, and the teachers of the Sunday schools; and admonishing them of their duty towards the rising generation, and of the necessity of infusing into their hearts the teachings of the Bible. On this point, Mr. Lacy dwelt with earnestness and fervor. He asseverated that there was no other way to redeem men from depravity but through the Bible, and contended that the Bible should be taught the young at home—in our Sabbath schools, and read in our free schools. He deprecated in strong terms, the policy of the Board of Education in excluding the scriptures from the public schools;—he thought that such policy was sacrificing the eternal happiness of many, to a temporary expediency. Mr. Lacy read some telling statistics, showing the different ratio of crime in countries where the Bible is, and is not read. According to the report of Mr. Gladstone in the English House of Commons, the committals for murder in England, Scotland, and Wales, for an average of ten years, were to the million, 4; Ireland (Papal) for the same time, 19. Ulster county, Ireland (Protestant) with one-third of the population, furnishes criminals only one-sixth. Austria (Papal) one murder to every 10,000; Prussia (Protestant,) 40,000. The same political relations, yet four times the amount of crime. France (Papal,) murder to the million, 31. Papal States—Italy, 113; Naples, the seat of Popery, 174, or more than forty times the crimes of Protestant England. There is no place in the civilized world, where there is as much crime—perhaps we may say, there is no such place of crimes upon the earth, civilized or undivilized! The people have no Bible; the children are not taught the words of Christ; the Bible is a sealed book, and the consequences are before us.

Look at the United States, Canadas, upon our own continent, (Protestant.) We have no statistics. Look at Mexico and the South American States. In one the Bible is open, the other, closed. Compare the two countries in every thing.

When Mr. Lacy had concluded, there was another hymn by the children; and then the Rev. M. C. Briggs made a speech to the children. Mr. Briggs is no common man, as our readers all know. He has an original way of doing whatever he undertakes; and he did not fail yesterday in seizing the attention of the children, and retaining it throughout his brief, but instructive address. He carried on in a kind of conversational tone, a semi-dialogue with his little hearers—addressing first one and then another, so familiarly as to elicit a response, which of course riveted the minds of all the children upon what he said. He wished to know of one little girl what she would think if a Chinaman should offer her an ugly peaked hat for her pretty "flat" and ribbons; of another, if she should be willing to exchange her father's fine house, with the garden and flowers, for an Indian's hut, full of dirt and smoke? Of course not! But there were people who wanted the children to make a worse bargain than either of these—who wished them to give up their churches, their Bible, their Sunday schools, for what? For theatres and lager-beer saloons, and drunken balls, and everything that was ignorant. Would they make the exchange? Let all who wished to retain their Bibles and churches hold up their hands. In an instant every little hand in the house was held up, as if by magic, with an energy almost indignant.

After the speech of Mr. Briggs, the children joined in the hymn:

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And right before my Savior,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

An election of officers for the ensuing year was then held, with the following result:

For President—Samuel A. Chapin, of the First Congregational Church.

For Vice Presidents—Franklin Knox, of the Howard Street Presbyterian Church; Henry J. Wells, of the Washington Street Baptist Church: John Burns, of the Powell Street Methodist Church.

For Secretary and Treasurer—Joseph F. Landis, of the Powell Street Methodist Church.

For Directors—The superintendents of all the Sabbath Schools connected with the Union.

The children sang another hymn, when a collection, amounting to ninety-six dollars, was taken up, and the children were dismissed, all retiring with order and decorum.—*Bulletin.*

NEARLY COMPLETED.—The Sacramento Bridge is so nearly completed that it will be thrown open to the public, probably, in less than a fortnight.

A SAD BUT COMMON HISTORY.

I knew a man in the full vigor of manhood—the ruddy glow of health was upon his countenance, a smile was playing about his features, in fact, each feature seemed lit up with an expression of happiness. He was a man with a high, intellectual forehead, and was well dressed; this, with his cheerful look, gave him a very pleasing appearance. I saw him at the door of his dwelling—a happy wife and laughing children ran to meet him, glad to welcome his return. His home circle, always happy, was made more joyous by his appearance.

A year passed away, and I left the banks of the beautiful Hudson, the scenes of home, for a visit to the gay metropolis, the city of New York. Passing through one of its crowded thoroughfares, on the morning of a beautiful day in the Spring of —, I saw a man just in front of me enter one of the saloons. I paused and looked into the room, just in time to see a man at the bar raise a glass to his lips, and in him recognized the man I had met a year before. I sprang towards him, but too late—he had drank down the fiery liquid. Oh, that I could have dashed the poison from his lips! He turned, and as his eye met mine, he recognized me, and a tear stole down his manly cheek, as he told me it was his "first glass." Pecuniary losses, he said, had driven him to seek consolation in the intoxicating bowl. Oh, fatal step! Why had he thus turned from the right to pursue the wrong? With tearful eyes we parted, and with his remark, "it is my first and only glass," still ringing in my ears, I turned homeward. I was sad yet pleased: sad to know that my friend had tasted of the drunkard's cup, and pleased to know that he had resolved never to drink again.

Another year quickly passed away, and we met again. The agony of that moment, my pen is too feeble to describe! I saw before me the wretched form of a drunkard, lying upon a couch of pain. I could not suppress the emotions struggling within my breast, and I burst into tears. With eyes bathed in tears, I gazed upon the pale sufferer.—That brow, once reddened with the glow of health, was pale and colorless; the eyes were sunken and the cheeks depressed, while the long bony fingers of each hand showed plainly how he had suffered. He lay not on the downy couch, within the palatial residence once his own, but on a bed of straw and in a miserable hovel. It was indeed a sad sight to see the mother and her four suffering children watching by the bedside of the dying. We sat for hours in almost breathless silence, each heart filled with sorrow deep though silent. At the still hour of night, the dying man folded his hands across his breast, and then in a faint voice saying, "all is over," expired. The mother could restrain her grief no longer, and she wept bitterly. Anguish almost rent the hearts of the little ones, as they sought their rude beds. The mother slept not, but watched beside the corpse all the long night. The next day, with sorrowful mien, she followed the remains to the churchyard, saw them consigned to the cold, damp earth, then sorrowing returned from the the churchyard home, a bereaved widow. But grief comes now no more to her. A year after the death of her husband, and she, bowed down with grief, penury and want, wasted away and died, and now fills an untimely grave. The summer breezes playing over her grave, ring for her a mournful requium. The weeping willow bends its slender branches there, as if weeping for the one that sleeps beneath; and at each return of winter, when by its icy wand nature is decked with spotless white, the winds sighing through its slender boughs, seem chanting a mournful dirge for the departed.

Two of the children, once blushing with the bloom of health and beauty, have been called to that "undiscovered land from whose bourne no traveller returns." Penury and want blasted their little forms, ere death came to relieve the sufferers, and they were laid in a premature grave. The other two children are orphans, outcasts upon a cold and cheerless world, homeless and among strangers.

Sad and lonely now the little pilgrims wander,
Through a world of pain and care;
All is dreary now, and on their lot they ponder,
Hapless victims of despair.

Side by side in the churchyard sleep their father and mother and little sisters. The grass grows green over their graves, and the birds sing sweetly from the neighboring boughs in spring. There, at times, the little orphans can be seen kneeling beside the rude stones that mark the spot, weeping for those sleeping beneath the sod. G. W. R.

LETTER FROM FRAZER RIVER.

The following letter was handed us by a friend, the writer of which is known to us as an honest and reliable young man.

FRAZER RIVER, May 8, 1858.

Dear Sir:—I received the letters you were so kind as to send me yesterday. They came in charge of an Indian, and cost me eight dollars. To make a long story short, for I have but a few minutes before the party leaves by whom I have a chance to send this letter, I will write what I have to say as briefly as possible. When I wrote you before, I had seen so little as to be unable to give you much information, but now can give you some information which you can rely upon as correct. From what I have seen, I am satisfied that this country is as rich as ever California was in its best days. The miners here are making from ten to twelve dollars per day; the most I have made in one day was sixteen dollars; I believe my fortune is here. This is the worst season of the year for mining, but poor as it is, I can make more in one week here than I could in San Francisco in a month, and by August I expect to make a great deal more.

I don't like to advise any one to come here, as the passage up Frazer River is both hard and dangerous, and many have lost their lives in trying to ascend it; several were among them that we both knew. The place where I am at present is about twelve mile below the forks of Thompson River; the gold we get here is fine, but I know that there is plenty of coarse gold higher up the river, but we are hardly strong enough to go up until more miners arrive. A party of eleven or twelve went up, but were driven back by the Indians. If you conclude to come up, bring plenty of provisions and sheet iron for long and rockers, and I think you can make money enough in three months to satisfy you, and enable you to go home a rich man. Please write to C—— and R——, and tell them where I am, and that I want them to come with you, so as to be here early in August, by which time I expect there will be a great rush to this place.—Bring my letters when you come.

Your friend in haste,
THOS. M. MEANS.

LATER FROM OREGON AND BELLINGHAM BAY.

The steamer Pacific arrived on Tuesday last, bringing later dates from Oregon. The news received by former arrivals of the defeat of Col. Steptoe by the Indians, is fully confirmed. The Indians were of the Spokan tribe, who had heretofore been considered friendly to the whites. Upon entering their country, Col. Steptoe was informed they would resist his passing through, but discrediting the information, he went forward until he found himself surrounded by a force numbering five hundred, his own force amounting to only one hundred and ten men. The fight was continued from morning until night, when it was found necessary to make a rapid retreat. Capt. Taylor, Lieut. Easton and seven others were killed, and nineteen wounded. The Indians were believed to have lost a much greater number.

It appears to have been a most unfortunate affair, and it is feared will lead to much difficulty with the warlike tribes which are quite numerous in that part of the country.

From Bellingham Bay there is nothing of interest. The persons who left here for that place, on the way to Frazer River, are said to have left on their way to the mines.

The steamer Sea Bird was to sail on the 5th inst., for Fort Hope on Frazer River, with passengers.

It is said the Pacific brought down considerable quantities of gold dust consigned to various parties in this city.

FRAZER RIVER MINES.

It is impossible to resist the accumulated evidence we have received by every arrival for months from Puget Sound, of the great richness of the gold mines on Frazer and Thompson Rivers.

The extent of the mining region, however, is not known at present; it may be as extensive as the gold placers of California, or may be confined to a limited space in the vicinity of those rivers; but from the fact of gold being found at Colville, over a hundred miles distant from the recent discoveries, it is reasonable to suppose that it will be found throughout the country which separates these points. The fineness of the gold found by the miners on Frazer River, leads to the conclusion that it has been washed down by the stream from some place far distant, and gives good reason to believe that far richer deposits will be found when the miners are able make head against the Indians, nearer the source of the river.

It appears, however, that at present little can be done at mining, as all the streams are so swollen by the melting of the snows in the mountains, as to render it impossible to operate on the bars, where most of the gold is found. The price of provisions is also too high to allow men to spend their time in prospecting to any extent, and until some means are devised by which boats can be run with safety, carrying freight, or roads constructed that can be travelled by pack mules, life in the mines will be in great peril from the want of the ordinary necessaries to sustain it. The Hudson Bay Co., claiming a monopoly of trade, does not appear to be doing much to extend aid to those who have so suddenly thronged their territory, and who are probably as unwelcome as unexpected intruders upon the domain hitherto held sacred to the trappers and Indians under their control.

Notwithstanding all the obstacles and difficulties in the way, it is certain that the temptation is so great as to overcome all ordinary prudential motives, and men of all kinds are rushing in that direction from California, with the same eagerness they did to California in 1849, when the first reliable intelligence of the gold discoveries in this State was published in the Atlantic States and Europe. It is impossible to foretell what results will eventually flow from this new impulse to action on the Pacific shore; one thing, however, may be calculated on with a degree of certainty, and that is, an imigration to our shores of hundreds of thousands of the energetic, enterprising sons of toil, from the superabundant population of the Atlantic States. This can hardly fail of benefiting California untimately, even should its present operation be less beneficial. A Pacific Railroad will become still more necessary, and the fear of English rivalry in that great work, may be the means of compelling our own national government to take the necessary steps towards aiding in its construction, and to urge it forward with the decision which its importance demands.

We look forward to substantial benefits to this State as likely to flow from this new impulse of imigration to the shores of the Pacific. To our friends we would say that all accounts received from there agree that until August mining will be comparatively unproductive; that by that time the rivers will have begun to fall, and from then until spring mining can be carried on to advantage. We also feel bound to say that we believe that Frazer River can be navigated with much less difficulty than has been represented, and should not be surprised to hear that proper river steamers be ere long found ascending the stream, with freight as well as passengers, to points comparatively near the mines.

STREET PREACHING PROHIBITED.—An occurrence last Sunday illustrates the working of our municipal institutions, as relates to Sabbath observance. The Rev. Wm. Taylor, the acceptable street preacher from California, attempted to hold a religious service in front of the Mission House, at the Five Points. A decent and orderly assemblage began to gather to hear the gospel, when a policeman interposed and forbade the service as a violation of a municipal ordinance. Mr. Taylor, as a law-abiding man, wisely abandoned the effort.

The policeman did only his duty, and is in no respect to be censured for his act. We have always insisted on the execution of laws remaining in our statute books. But if street preaching and rumselling on the Sabbath are equally prohibited by law, we may well claim that there shall not be a monopoly for distilled liquor, and a discrimination against the "water of life," especially in the Five Points district. Yet hundreds, if not thousands, of grog-shops were open for traffic at the moment Mr. Taylor's mouth was shut by the policeman's hand!

How was it with the hundreds of juvenile street-preachers? Was any ungodly hand laid on the news boys, whose cries interrupted the Sabbath quiet of half a million of people? Not a bit of it. Only all their friends to return with them. Only the gospel of Christ is forbidden the right of way in the metropolis of this Christian nation! It cannot be said of New York that "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets; she crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates, in the city she uttereth her voice." O no, that would be an invasion of "civil and religious liberty," coming within the province of an association recently hatched. It is the news-boys, with Sunday papers, and the keepers of grog-shops, who have a pre-emption right to our streets and street corners, on the Lord's day! Our Mayor has begun well, but we dislike discrimination in favor of great wrongs, and against minor evils, and even positive good.

DEATH FROM DROWNING.—A man named John B. Russel, a native of Lynn, Massachusetts, aged 41 years, fell into the bay accidentally, at the corner of Drumm and Sacramento streets, at half past 9 o'clock on Saturday night. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and before assistance could be rendered, not being able to help himself, he was drowned.

VIOLATIONS OF THE SUNDAY LAW.—Between fifty and a hundred complaints have been made out against parties in the city for violations of the Sunday law yesterday. Most of them are against barkeepers, including Barry & Patten and the Bank Exchange. Shear, the keeper of the Union Race Course, is also to be prosecuted for the race run there yesterday.

A FATAL BLOW FROM A STONE.—A young man by the name of John Williams, a stevedore, while working at discharging cargo on the ship *Chariot of Fame*, ten days ago, was fatally injured. At the same time that he and others were discharging cargo, a second party were putting in ballast, and in doing so a large stone fell through the hatchway into the hold, and struck Williams on the head. The blow caused so severe a wound that, after lingering several days, he died from the effects of it on Saturday morning last.

DO INDIANS SWEAR?—This is a curious question; and the answer by Mr. Schoolcraft should put the white man to blush. This gentleman, who has for many years studied the characteristics of the race, says: "Many things the Indians may be accused of, but the practice of swearing they cannot. I have made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and nothing is more bitter or reproachful than *mach annemoosh*, which indicates simply bad dog. They have terms to indicate cheat, liar, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babbler; but I have never heard of an imprecation or oath. The genius of the language does not seem to favor the formation of terms used in oaths or for purposes of profanity. It is the result of the observation of others as well as my own, to say that an Indian cannot curse."

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS IN TEXAS.—Texas contains between fifty and sixty Presbyterian ministers, besides more than two hundred Cumberland Presbyterian ministers, and yet there remains much land to be possessed by the Presbyterians in the State. The Methodists and Baptists are the leading denominations in Texas. The Episcopalians occupy several prominent points—confined almost exclusively to cities and towns. It makes but little headway in the interior.

Mr. Charles Comstock, of this town, says the Norfolk *Gazette*, has shown us as great a novelty as the great "Aquarium of Barnum's Museum. He exhibited in our office a jar containing the spawn of the common brook trout, which he has been artificially propagating. The spawn was visible in a glutinous mass, in distinct ovaries, and with the little finny tribe just *pricking* through—others with one-half and two-thirds of their little b

The Weekly Pacific.

The Golden Age sailed for Panama on Saturday last, with 556 passengers. The price of passage was First Cabin, $300; Second Cabin, $250; Steerage, $150; with the State Tax added.

The Sonora will be the next steamer for Panama, price of passage same as above.

The steamer Republic sailed on Monday last with 421 passengers for Puget Sound, and the Panama is advertised to leave on Saturday for the same place.

The Oregon is being fitted up, and will succeed the Panama in a few days.

The price of passage remains as before, for Cabin $60, Steerage $30.

MONTHLY TRADE RETURNS OF NEW YORK.

The Custom House returns of the exports and imports at this port during the month of March, indicate how gradually the process of recovery from the late revulsion is going on. The imports of foreign goods and specie show a small gain over February, but not so large as might have been anticipated at this season. The figures for the fiscal year so far, and the month are (including specie):

	1856-7.	1857-8.
From July 1 to Jan 1,	$106,254,740	$109,838,702
January,	19,006,782	8,105,719
February,	25,594,468	9,309,046
March,	21,135,504	11,729,762
Total for nine months,	$170,921,494	$127,968,469

The amount of specie received in March, was but $277,206, against $1,061,836 same month last year.

There was a much smaller amount of goods warehoused in March than during the same month last year, and much more withdrawn from the warehouse, so that although the actual imports have so far fallen short of those of last year, still the amount of goods in the market is larger than these figures would indicate, being $4,444,415, against $2,589,223 last year. These figures are very significant in their bearing upon the state of trade. Usually the amount of goods imported in March is very large. But the amount of imports during the last month was the smallest which has been known for seven years, and shows how little confidence is felt in any great increase in the demand for foreign productions this season. In fact, almost the only operation which seems to have been made by the merchants is the withdrawal of a larger amount of goods than common from warehouse, and it is questionable whether even this has gone far beyond the present requirements of the market. There is now no question that the Spring trade will be comparatively small, keeping strictly within the limits of necessity. It is somewhat of an anomaly to observe this tardy growth of trade at a time when money is as abundant as it is now. We trust, however, that the channels of regular trade may feel the influence of the great accumulation of capital against the commencement of the Fall season.

The receipts at the Custom House slightly increased during the past month, amounting to $2,218,452, against $2,063,784 in February. Although there has been a steady improvement in the customs receipts during the last few months, the whole amount for the current fiscal year is $22,264,266, against $36,884,967, same time last year—showing a decrease of $14,620,675.

The export movement continues light, the amount for March showing a decrease of about five millions as compared with the same period last year. The exports in March were smaller than they have been at any time during the present fiscal year. We annex a summary, (including specie):

	1856-7.	1857-8.
From July 1 to Jan. 1,	$43,626,401	$34,701,444
January,	4,884,170	4,689,739
February,	5,968,780	4,173,587
March,	11,190,866	6,017,054
Total for nine months,	$65,640,213	$49,581,824

During the months of September and October, the exports of gold ceased almost entirely, and notwithstanding the heavy shipments in December, the amount for the six months ending January 1st, ($21,962,112), was $2,482,689 less than for the same period in the preceding year. From seven and a half millions in December, the sum fell in March to $835,194. But notwithstanding this actual decrease, the amount is so much larger than it was for the same months in 1857, that the shipments for the nine months past amount to $31, 250,837, against $27,295,043 in the corresponding period last year.—*N. Y. Commercial & Ship. List.*

MINIUM OR CINNABAR.

The first of these is the ancient and the best the modern name for the same substance, which is a mineral of beauteous shining red color, and is an ore of mercury or quicksilver. Artificially prepared cinnabar, is much preferred to the native as to purpose, because of its freedom from earthly impurities, and it has long been an object of chemical manufacture, and is generally known as vermillion. It is a compound of mercury and sulphur, each in equivalent proportions. To manufacture it, about five or six parts of mercury are added to one of melted sulphur; and when thoroughly combined, and constantly stirred, heat and light are evolved, and a violent cracking and spitting indicate the termination of this part of the process. The result is a dirty, reddish red mass; the crude product. After being pounded, is mixed with a small quantity of sulphur; this is placed in a glass flask until it is about half full, when it is closed with a charcoal stopper. The flask is then placed on a bed of hot sand, (kept hot by a slow charcoal furnace,) and is left to remain thus red-hot for some hours, at the end of which time the cinnabar is found sublimed in the flask.

In Amsterdam, where it was first made, they still pursue a similar method to the one they have always done, but the ores are artificially prepared cinnabar, is much preferred to the native as to purpose, because of its freedom from earthly impurities, and it has long been an object of chemical manufacture, and is generally known as vermillion. It is a compound of mercury and sulphur, each in equivalent proportions. To manufacture it, about five or six parts of mercury are added to one of melted sulphur; and when thoroughly combined, and constantly stirred, heat and light are evolved, and a violent cracking and spitting indicate the termination of this part of the process. The result is a dirty, reddish red mass; the crude product. After being pounded, is mixed with a small quantity of sulphur; this is placed in a glass flask until it is about half full, when it is closed with a charcoal stopper. The flask is then placed on a bed of hot sand, (kept hot by a slow charcoal furnance

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A FLEA UNDER A MICROSCOPE.—When a flea is made to appear as large as an elephant, we can see all the wonderful parts of its formation, and are astonished to find that it has a coat of armor much more complete than ever warrior wore, and composed of strong polished plates, fitted over each other, each plate covered liked a tortoise-shell, and where they meet, hundreds of strong quills project like those on the back of the porcupine or hedghog. There are the arched neck, the bright eyes, the transparent cases, piercers to puncture the skin, a sucker to draw away the blood; six long jointed legs, four of which are folded on the breast already at any moment to be thrown out with tremendous force for that jump which bothers one when they wish to catch him; and at the end of each leg hooked claws, to enable him to cling to whatever he lights upon. A flea can leap a hundred times his own length, which is the same as if a man jumped to the height of 700 feet; and he can draw a load 200 times his own weight.—*Chamber's Journal.*

SOUTHERN VIEWS.—The Washington correspondent of the New Orleans *Crescent* furnishes the following first rate notice of Senator Seward:

"I have a passion for Seward. He comes up to my idea of Rodin in the Wandering Jew—so cool, so clear-headed, so indomitable, so relentless in the pursuit of his purpose. Seward traverses the seemingly tortuous, but really straight line, of his ambition with the unerring certainty of footsteps that characterize a rope-dancer, never missing a step, and keeping his eagle eye steadily fixed on the goal before. The balance-pole by which he preserves his equipoise, is that cool, big head that bulbs out above his narrow shoulders. If he becomes our next President, and disunion does not immediately follow his election, I will wager that he will so beautifully honey-fuggle both North and South, that the people will pronounce him one of the best Presidents we have ever had."

SLIDELL'S OPINION OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—Mr. Shorter, one of the representatives of Alabama in Congress, in a recent speech, utters himself thus with regard to the Pilgrim Fathers:

"The Pilgrim fathers, indeed! Sir, I have a sovereing contempt for the memory of the Pilgrim fathers. The religion of fanaticism, of intolerance, of infidelity, of bigotry and hypocrisy. It is the religion of the Boston clergymen, who violate the seventh commandment in going to and returning from their evening lectures; and who, when exposed to the indignation of a virtuous community, are lionized and *feted* by the fairer portion of their flocks! In my judgment, Mr. Chairman, the greatest calamity that ever befel our country was that event, which clothed Plymouth Rock with its historic associations."

CATHOLIC CHURCH STATISTICS.—The number of Roman Catholic bishoprics in the world, inclusive of 12 patriarchates, is 830. Of these 620 are in Europe, 275 in Italy alone which, estimating the population at 25,061,988, is one diocese to every 91,134 inhabitants; while the proportion in France is 1 to 418,000. The bishops are divided among the various Italian States as follows: Sardinia, 41; Lombardy, 20; Parma, 4; Modena, 5; Tuscany, 21; the States of the Church, with a population of 3,000,000, having nearly as many bishops as France, which, with a population of over 36,000,000, has but 79. Belgium has 7 bishoprics; Holland, 4; Portugal, with the Azores and Maderia, 20; Spain, with the Balearic Islands, 55; Great Britain, 44, of which 30 are in Ireland. Austria, exclusive of its Italian provinces, (which are enumerated above,) 62, of which 24 are in Hungary; Switzerland, 5; Germany, 24, of which 8 are in Prussia, the great protestant power of the continent; Poland, 15; Russia in Europe, 10; Turkey in Europe, Greece, and the Ionian Islands, 20. The number of bishoprics in Asia is 65: in Africa, 11; in America, 124, of which there are 70 in North, 11 in Central, and 43 in South America; and in Oceania, 10. Of the 12 patriarchates, 3 are in Europe; 7 in Asia; 1 in Africa, and 1 in America (Spanish West Indies.)

THE KITCHEN OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—A correspondent describes the kitchen of the United States Capitol, after having remarked that the dining saloon occupies a principal room on the floor beneath the representative hall, and is lighted by a large and beautiful gas chandelier with five burners. A dozen marbleized iron tables with heavy marble tops are distributed around the room, each costing not less than fifty dollars. The chairs are somewhat plainer. The counter is of polished marble, occupying a circle in the centre of the room, within which ascends a dumb waiter from the kitchen below. But to the kitchen:—

There are seven rooms appropriated to cleaning vegetables, dressing meats, opening oysters, and making pastry. But my readers may enquire, at whose expense is this vast restaurant furnished and kept up? It is hardly credible, but still it is a fact, that the expense of this "public kitchen," is paid out of the public treasury; that is to say, the rooms are all finished and furnished by the goverment, in the most costly style, and coal and gas thrown in leaving the occupant of this comfortable but novel establishment, to supply only the provisions to be cooked which he afterwards retails to members of Congress and the employees about the building, at extravagant prices. I understand that a large number of regular boarders are accommodated, and the "cook" informs me that he can provide comfortably for a thousand people. Are we not a great nation, and growing greater?

A SINGULAR RESULT OF A SINGULAR DISCUSSION.—It has been stated in one of the prayer meetings in this city, that a club of profane Infidels in Andover, were recently discussing the subject of baptism, and using the Bible to ascertain what it said about the matter. The result of their study to know what it taught on baptism, led six or seven of them to exercise faith in the word of God, and in Christ, and now they are rejoicing in the Saviour.

Boston Puritan Recorder.

PROPERTY OF MINISTERS.—The Finance Committee of the New York State Senate has brought forward a bill which provides that the personal property of every minister of the gospel, or priest of any denomination, and the real estate of such ministers or priests, when occupied by him, shall be exempt from taxation, provided such real and personal estate do not exceed in value $1500, and provided, also, that the person who is thus exempted shall make the calling of a minister or priest his usual occupation and principal pursuit.

KEEP THE MIND ACTIVE.—Jeremiah Mason once said, "Unless a man occasionally tax his faculties to the utmost, they will soon begin to fail." President John Adams said to Mr. Quincy, who found him reading Cicero, "It is with an old man as with an old horse; if you wish to get any thing out of him, you must keep him at work." These two rules, so far as intellect is concerned, contain the secret of a green and vigorous old age.

PROGRESS OF EVANGELICAL CHURCHES DURING THE LAST HALF-CENTURY.—It is a prevalent opinion that their increase has not kept pace with the ratio of growth in our rapidly multiplying population. Statistics, however, prove the falsity of this opinion. For "during the fifty years, the number of *members* of the evangelical churches in the United States has increased from *four hundred thousand to three millions and a half*, being an increase of *eight-fold*, while our population has increased only fourfold."

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

A portion only of Mrs. Mackay's beautiful lines, entitled "Sleeping in Jesus," is found in our Hymn books. We publish them entire with the introductory note.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.—This simple inscription is carved on a tomb-stone, in the retired rural burying-ground of Pennycross Chadel, in Devonshire. Distant only a few miles from a bustling and crowded seaport town, reached through a succession of those lovely green lanes, for which Devonshire is so remarkable, the quiet aspect of Pennycross comes soothingly over the mind. Here "Sleeping in Jesus" seems in keeping with all around. Here was no elaborate ornament, no unsightly decay. The trim gravel walk led to the house of prayer, itself boasting of no architectural embellishment to distinguish it; and a few trees were planted irregularly, to mark some favored spots,

Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the rust of foes!

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting!

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me,
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high!

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Debars this precious hiding place;
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep!

God does not Forget;—He only Waits.

Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Newark, relates the following incident for the encouragement of parents for their children.

"Many years ago, an old man, a devoted Christian, started a prayer meeting, which is still continued, having resulted in many and glorious fruits. As a pastor, it was my priviledge to be with him, particularly during his last illness. In several visits made to his house, I found him on the mount, looking over on to the Land of Promise. Finding nothing seeming to mar his comfort or interrupt his joy, I determined to satisfy myself whether there was nothing that gave him any trouble of heart. On entering his chamber, I asked him in simple terms, "How are you this morning?" "Oh, sir," he said, "I am well; why should I not be well? I am near home. Yes, I am near home—near heaven." I took the opportunity to ask him, "My dear Sir, has there been nothing of late resting upon your heart, as an occasion of trouble?" He spoke not a word, but turned his face towards the wall, and lay so between five and ten minutes: then he rolled his head back upon his pillow with his face toward me, and I saw the tears streaming down his cheeks. "Oh, yes, Sir," said he, "there is one great trouble." What is it?" I inquired. "Speak your whole mind to me freely." Well," said he, "I have ten children, and I have prayed to God for more than thirty ye- 'at I might see some one of them converted before I die: but he has denied me. They are all grown up, as you know but are not yet Christians." "How do you get over that trouble?" I asked. Ah," he replied, "I get over it as I get over all other troubles—by rolling it over upon Christ. I know that God means to answer my prayers, but he means to wait till I am gone. But he will do it; I know he will; my children will be converted."

"This man has been in his grave for fifteen years, and I have watched his children ever since his death; and now to-day I am able to say that seven out of ten have been born into the kingdom of God, and that the eighth has also just experienced conversion. This is the answer to his prayer! God did not forget; he only waited; and in like manner, he will answer the prayers of all parents who pray in faith for the conversion of their children. Let us, therefore, take courage, and lay hold upon the precious promises of God!"

MISSING AT THE PRAYER-MEETING.—Ah! and who missed me there? My Saviour, my pastor, and my brethen and sisters in Christ.

And what did they miss? They missed my figure in its usual place, my voice in the sacred song, and the voice of my heart in prayer.

And what did I miss by my absence? I missed the blessing of God, the approbation of my conscience, and the love of Christ's friend.

And why was I missed at the prayer-meeting? I forgot the hour, and was engaged in other things, or was too far away in body and heart to reach there.

R. R. R.—HEALTH WILL, IN ALL CASES, FOLlow the use of Radway's R. R. Remedies. There are none so sick or diseased, so weak, feeble, or crippled with pain or infirmities, but that Radway's Ready Relief, Renovating Resolvent, or Regulators, as the nature of the disease or sickness may require, will quickly and rapidly cure. These remedies consist of Radway's Ready Relief; Radway's Renovating Resolvent; Radway's Regulators. Each of these remedies possesses special curative powers over certain diseases. Yet there are other diseases, wherein their combined medical properties are required: and when thus used, if there is sufficient life and strength within the diseased or dying body to sustain their action, the patient will live and be restored to health.

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Acute Diseases	R. R. Relief.
Inflammatory Diseases	Relief and Regulators.
Malarious Diseases	Relief and Regulators.
Congestive Diseases	Relief and Regulators.
Scrofulous Diseases	Renovating Resolvent.
Chronic Diseases	Renovating Resolvent.
Syphilitic Disease	Renovating Resolvent.
Constitutional diseases	Resolvent and Regulators.
Skin Diseases	Renovating Resolvent
Nervous Diseases	Resolvent, R. Regulators.
Infectious Diseases	Ready R. and Regulators.

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R. R. R.

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R. R. R.—Radway's Renovating Resolvent, for the cure of chronic disease—such as Scrofulous and Syphilitic Complaints, Consumptive and other affections of the Lungs and Throat, Induration and Enlargements of parts, Eruptive and other diseases of the Skin, Sores, Tumors, Ulcers, Dyspepsia, and all other diseases arising from an impure state of the Blood.

R. R. R.—Radway's Regulators will cure, effectively and speedily, Costiveness, Indigestion, Inflamation of the Bowels, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Disease of the Heart and Kidneys, Female Complaints, Small Pox, Fevers, Measles, &c., &c. Whenever the system is out of order, a dose of Radway's Regulators will restore it to regularity. No female should be without them.

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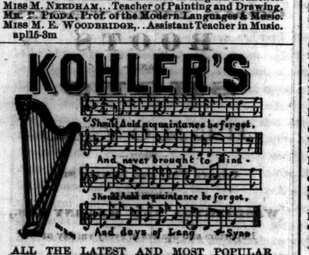

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